The Saline County Journal.

VOLUME 1. | **SALINA, KANSAS, THUSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.** | **NUMBER 31.**

THE
SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL
IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT
SALINA, KANSAS.

OFFICE.—No. 60 Santa Fe Avenue, nearly opposite the Real Estate office of Maj. JOHN W. BERKS'.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Copy, one year, ... $2 00
One Copy, six months, ... 1 25
One Copy, three months, ... 75

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FROM OUR TEXAS CORRESPONDENT.

WISE COUNTY, TEXAS, Aug., 22d 1871.

To the Editors of THE SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL.

Sirs:—In compliance with your request that I should write a communication for your paper descriptive of this section of Texas, the manners and customs of the people, the nature of the country and its chief resources, I now set about the task. Though it can hardly be expected that I can treat of these matters in full as the subject is too extensive in its nature to be embodied in a single letter, yet I hope to be able to scan them over in a manner interesting to your readers.

Starting then with the first item, the people, in their manners and customs, I should say that they are totally unlike the Pategonians, who are said to be without manners and addicted to horrid customs. In fact I find the people here very much like those of other States. The men here as elsewhere make love to the women, which conduct as usual is distastful to the female sex. 'Tis true the girls wear ornaments and strive to render themselves attractive, but this is only to please their mothers. Some of the men are said to be fond of money. One can meet with plenty of rogues and rascals, here, but also there can be found men of the highest stamp of honor and integrity. The most marked difference between Texas and other States is in the subject of popular education. In this respect Texas is far behind her sister States. It is not unfrequently that one meets here with a man worth a hundred thousand dollars in property, who cannot write a sentence in English grammatically. Cattle being the principal wealth of the country, boys here learn to ride, and read cattle brands before they have learned the alphabet. But this state of things will disappear with the introduction of railroads. In fact, a great deal has been done in the last few years toward the introduction of schools. One important change for the better has taken place within the last year. That is brought about by a law, enacted by the Legislature at its last session, prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons; excepting in the frontier counties. Formerly every man used to carry a revolver and bowie knife on his person, and the appearance presented by a crowd of people "armed to the teeth," without any apparent cause, was calculated to shock the sensibilities of one from the midst of civilization and refinement. On the frontier where one is likely to meet with hostile Indians, it would be foolish to go unprepared. But there is no reason for carrying weapons in the interior counties of the State, and the people certainly present a more civilized appearance without them.

But whatever may be wanting in polish of manners in the Texans, they make up for the deficiency, in genuine hospitality, which trait of character seems to disappear with the march of civilization. No better illustration, can be given of this virtue in its native grandeur than in the anecdote often told in this country of a Texas *ranchero* sitting in front of his house, said house composed of picket walls, clap-board roof, and ground floor.

A traveler rides up, on horseback.

Texan.—"Stake out your horse, stranger." The strange does so, then comes up to the cabin.

Texan.—"Yer'll find some corn bread and meat, in that skillet, help yerself." He pitches in and eats his supper.

Texan.—"Reckon yer must be tired, if yer want to lie down, jest spread down that 'ere raw-hide and turn in and rough it over there in the corner."

In northern Texas, as in the middle and southern portions of the State a great amount of attention is paid to stock raising. This business has generally been considered the chief source of income to this section.

The cattle are branded by the owner, when calves, and turned loose upon the prairie. Reared in this way they are often as wild as the game. The principal labor connected with the business consists in what is here termed "cow-hunting." The owner of a large stock of cattle will keep in his employ from ten to twenty cow-boys, who may be said to live in the saddle. Their business is to hunt the range, gather the calves and brand them, and to gather beeves for the purpose of sale, or driving to a foreign market.

As a matter of necessity, a great many calves grow to be yearlings without being branded, and when they are weaned and quit following the cows, it is impossible to tell who is the owner. It has thereby become the custom for all stock raisers to turn out in the winter season for the purpose of "conscripting," that is branding yearlings. One can then brand in his own brand all the unbranded yearlings which he gathers. A branding scene is an interesting one; a fighting yearling will sometimes make it lively for the hands.

The cattle of this section are of a superior grade to those raised the more southern parts of the Sstate. It may be said to be an intermediate grade between the thorough bred or Durham stock and and the Spanish stock of the Gulf coast, (boves long horns.) I should advise any one desiring to purchase beeves for wintering in Kansas to make his purchase in this section of the State.

The difference in Texas between the price of Red river cattle and Spanish cattle is from two to three dollars, whereas, when wintered over in Kansas and shipped, the margin is from twenty to thirty dollars in favor of Red river beeves.

One great draw-back to the stock men of this country, and in fact, to the advancement of the whole section of Texas frontier, is the Indian troubles. It is impossible for one to manage wild cattle without a large number of horses, and when the Indians steal these, he is obliged to buy again at once, in order to keep his hands on the move and trequently the Indians will steal him out again as soon as be gets "a remount." One large stock raiser on the Brazos, (Mr. Rivers,) has lost in this manner about fifteen thousand dollars, worth of horses, in the last eighteen months. This is not the worst feature of their depredations. They have broken up many settlements, and committed many horrible outrages in the last five years. In the fall of 1868 a large force of Indians made a raid into this country, murdered several families and drove off about five hundred head of horses. They came very near depopulating the country as the settlers started on a general stampeed, leaving everything behind them. I was connected with the U. S. Army, at that time, and on a scout up Denton creek, I passed several abandoned farms, where the owners had apparently been in very comfortable circumstances. The crops were gathered into the cribs, calves in the pen, chickens and everything else which goes to make up a well stocked farm were in abundance, everything was left behind and the owners fled. Starvation was before them, and Indians threatening from behind. As if to add to the aggravation of the case as much as possible these same Indians have been fed and otherwise cared for at Fort Sill, by the U. S. Government.

The raids into this part of the frontier have been made principally by the Kiowa Indians. In September, 1869, I went to Fort Sill, in company with some citizens of this part of the State, for the purpose of trying to recover some stolen horses. Gen. Grierson was then in command of that ost, and is yet. He at first promised fairly enough, but when a horse was identified by one of our party, and proven by, a disinterested person, the owner's brand found on the horse and other items to establish ownership, then Grierson could not compel the Indian to give up the horse, we came to the conclusion that instead of having the Indians under control he was actually afraid of them.

I was somewhat surprised to learn from the interpreters that General Philip Sheridan had yielded to the Kiowas, in the matter of the surrender of the Texas horses. He was at that time a Major General, expecting promotion to the rank of Lieutenant General, and he did not dare compromise his prospects, and brave the Indian ring by an act of simple justice toward a few Texas frontiersment.

Frequently since the establishment of the post of Fort Sill, ransoms have been paid to the Kiowas by their agent for women and children carried into captivity from Texas, thus placing a bid and a premium upon their rascality. Last year seven hundred dollars were paid for the ransom of women taken from the town of Henrietta, and when the money was paid the chief remarked "me go to Texas, get more."

But it seems as though the Indians have met with a check at last. General Sherman paid a visit to this country during the spring and while at Fort Richardson, the Kiowas, about one hundred and fifty in number, headed by their Chief Satantee, attacked a train of waggons about twenty miles from thep ost, murdered seven men and took off forty mules. Gen. Sherman visited the scene of the massacre and then went to Fort Sill, where he arrived at about the same time the Indians did.

As it has turned out, this occurrence, hard as it was upon the sufferers, was about the best possible event, for this frontier, that could have happened. Gen. Sherman being the General-in-chief of the army and backed by his military reputation, was perhaps the only man in the nation capable of grappling successfully with the Indian ring; but above all he is a man of an independent mind and ambitious to use his high position for a good purpose.

It had been the custom of the Indians on returning from their raids into Texas, to come into the reservation and boast of their murders even to Gen. Grierson, exhibiting in corroboration of their statements the scalps they had taken—often women's hair. At the same time Grierson was making the most extraordinary statements in his official reports in regard to the peaceable deportment of these same Indians. As usual these Indians came to Fort Sill and commenced to boast of their achievements, whereupon Gen. Sherman ordered the arrest of all the chiefs, connected with the expidition to be sent to Texas, and turned over to the civil authorities for trial for murder. There were seven chiefs in the party, three were arrested. Satantee, and his son Satank, and Big Tree. While enroute to Texas, Satank who was in a wagon with two soldier guards, slipped his handcuffs and attacked his guards with a knife, wounding one of them in the leg. He was killed by the other guards, who shot him fifteen times. The other two were taken to Jacksboro, tried and sentenced to be hung on the first day of September, 1871.

Since this arrest was made there have been no raids made into Texas by the Kiowas, and from the present appearance of things, I think that Gen. Grierson, may hereafter *truthfully* report the Kiowas as quiet.

I have now shown how much Texas has suffered through the imbecility and mismanagement of Gen. Grierson, and what a great advantage to the frontier it would be to have an able officer in command at Fort Sill, but the State has been equally unfortunate in the officer who commands the Department of Texas, Gen. J. J. Reynolds.

This officer has enjoyed the command of the State ever since Gen. Griffin died in the fall of 1867, with only a short *interregnum*, yet he has not once in nearly four years reign paid so much attention to the frontiers as to visit his outposts.

For a long period the reconstruction laws had the monopoly of his time, but for more than a year the civil authority has passed out of his hands. The question then arises, what is it that keeps him from achieving a military renown upon the frontiers? I have been credibly informed that it is the army contractors, and that his time is now as completely monopolized in *financiering* with them, as it formerly was by the acts of Congress. If such is really the case, one must not judge him too severely. If it is true that he is now living in San Antonio in a fine mansion, the gift of an army contractor, revelling in splendor, and enjoying all the luxuries which money and a corrupt—I should say obliging Quartermaster, can prove. Why should he trouble himself in regard to the sufferings of the bleeding frontier? And as he is an ambitious man, it may be that he is an aspirant for Presidential honor, and in practicing *receptions*, is only trying to perfect himself in the form of deportment peculiar to that high office. A friend of mine has suggested that if he were called upon to improvise a motto for the Presidential coat-of-arms, he would only take the first words of an ordinary conveyance. "Know all men by these presents." It is well to do things in a magnificent scale, even in the way of receiving presents; it charms the admiration, but thus far it has not serqed to stop Indian raids.

Sometimes the white men would get the advantage of the Indian. One method of baiting for Indians was to stake out a horse during the full moon and two or three white men hide near him with shot guns. In the night the Indians slipping about to steal hoases, sees this horse and coming up to him suddenly finds himself enfiladed.

The success of one of these experiments inspired a dog-latin poet to get off the following effusions:

Indianus in the woods
Intentus he on white man's goods,
Such as equem;
White man see him oculis,
"Spoleam," dixit he, "I guess"
"Your little Indiem."

Tune ille takes horse, and stakes him
In loco where a shot-gun rakes him,
Si Injun took it;
Injun creeps up tam silente,
Gets the buck-shot slam in ventre,
Tune kicks the bucket.

The sequel non cognisco,
Sed eadem I know this though:
He never stole again.
Cum meminiscitur an ancient king
Qui unus poet once did sing,
He never *stole* again,

MORAL.

Injuns omnes nunc be spry,
Aures dare mi mihi,
And listen to my proclamation:
Si non vult your scalp to lose,
Ut leventis young pappoose,
Just stay upon your reservation.

For if to Texas veniant
Warriors vestres cum war chant,
Albi viri 'll try to check 'em,
Et si in praelo you are took,
Anserem vestrem they will cook,
Et frangere *neckum*.

Passing from the Indian difficulties to the nature of the country, I can find no better means of describing its general appearance than by comparing it to Kansas. It has the same rolling broken prairies, but an abundance of timber in the bottoms. From Red river, which is the northern boundary line of the State for about two hundred miles, there extends southward to the Brazos river, a belt of timber known as the "cross timbers." This belt is of an average width of about twenty miles. The timber on the uplands is principally scrub-oak or black-jack, but in the bottoms, the walnut, pecan, spanish oak, burr oak, elm and ash are to be seen in surperlative grandeur. The bur oak is a very hard wood and when seasoned a nail can with difficulty be driven into it. The spanish oak is the most compact, firm, and durable timber in the country. The pecan is a magnificent growth, it resembles the hickory tree, but the limbs are larger, and extending out some distance from the main trunk they form a fine shade when the tree is in foliage. No pine grows in this part of the State, though there are large pine forests in Eastern Texas, and pine lumber is delivered here at from three to five dollars per hundred feet.

There is an abundance of game in the cross timbers, such as wild turkeys, of which there are countless thousand, deer and antelope of which I have often seen from twenty to thirty in a herd, and also plenty of bear, panther and wild cat.

The buffalo come into Texas in Winter and migrate northward on the approach of warm weather.

The land in the cross timbers is of a light, sandy appearance, but very productive, equally as good as the best Kansas lands. The principal streams passing through the upper or northern end of the cross timbers are Sandy and West Fork of Trinity.

The crops this year are a failure on account of the severe drouth; there has been no rain here for nearly ninety days, and everything even to the grass seems to be scorched and burnt up.

The climate here is much warmer than in Kansas, being in a latitude about six degrees further south than Salina. This has the effect of producing earlier crops and a more luxuriant growth of vegetation of all kinds. But one does not suffer so much with heat as in Kansas, as the Gulf breeze prevails here in the summer, blowing generally from 3 o'clock P. M. until midnight.

Besides the fine climate fine, soil and fine timber, this part of the State has great mineral resources. On the upper Brazos is a fine coal region. When the troops were stationed at Fort Belknap, Young county, they used to get their coal from the "out-croppings." Wagon trains sometimes go to these regions from the distance of one hundred miles and load with a first-rate article of bituminous coal. No effort is made to sink shafts. An abundance is obtained from surface digging.

On the Wichita river there are fine copper and silver leads. Prof. Ressler, of the Geological Bureau, U. S. Patent Office, visited these copper leads last year and pronounced the ore as fine as any in the United States for smelting. His party were attacked by Indians, and he would have been "gobbled" but for a strong escort of soldiers from Fort Richardson. Two of his party were killed.

This spring there was a prospecting party of Texans who went to the same country to prospect for silver. They struck the lead and brought away some of the ore which when smelted yielded a large percentage of metal. I am afraid to mention the percentage yield for fear that your readers might think I am exaggerating. This party was also attacked by Indians, and one killed, the rest escaping by hard running.

In Hopkins and Lampasas counties, there are fine sulphur springs, which places will some day become famous summer resorts.

In this county (Wise) there are salt licks as fine as any in the world. In the south-west part of the county is what is called the Salt Lake, where salt was manufactured during the late civil war. Within a quarter of a mile from where I am writing there is a very fine salt lick. Wild animals frequent these places. Deer and domestic cattle go there for the salt, while the wolves, panthers and wild-cats watch the licks to prey upon them. A good way to kill deer is to watch the licks from a scaffold built in a tree. I passed a night once upon a scaffold once built in this manner. It was then I first learned to appreciate the term, "howling wilderness." An English cockney could make no mistake in describing the noise, for I heard both *owls* and *howls* that night.

This, dear sirs about completes my description of this State. To those who desire further information my advice is to visit the State and see for themselves.

Very truly your ob'd't serv't,
MOSES WILEY.

A Startling Exposure.

The particulars of the wreck of the ship Golden Rule, on the 20th of May, 1865, while on her way from New York to Greytown, are too well remembered to be repeated. Since that circumstances have transpired tending to show that the vessel was purposely run on shore to cover up the robbery of a large amount of U. S. treasure which was on board, and for upwards of two years the detectives worked diligently looking up the facts, and have made reports from time to time to the Treasury Department. These reports have been examined by a member of the New York *Sun* editorial staff, and some interesting and startling facts have been brought to light.

The United States treasure on board the Golden Rule was in an iron safe encased in a wooden box made of pine boards an inch and a half in thickness, and consisted of one million dollars in greenbacks, $161,850 in 7.30 Treasury notes, and $300 in coupon bonds, making a total of $1,162,150. The safe was intrusted to the care of Rufus Leighton and Victor Smith, special agents of the Department, and they were instructed not to leave the safe alone until they delivered it to the Assistant Treasurer at San Francisco. Notwithstanding the intention of the Government to keep the fact that the treasure was on board a secret, by some means one man got scent of the treasure, who said he was going out in the Golden Rule on Government business. Hardly had the ship started on her voyage when one of the passengers, out of the 680 who went out in her, named Montgomery Gibbs, was seen to be on terms of intimacy with the captain, whose name was Dennis. Gibbs had a chum by the name of Walker, and the above three were on unusually good terms, which is strange, as the captain testifies he had never seen Gibbs till he came on board the vessel just before she left the wharf.

This Gibbs is summed up as follows by the *Sun*:—"So it seems that Montgomery Gibbs, the smoothed-faced, full-chested, clerical looking man, above medium height, straight hair combed back over his ears—who repeatedly inquired at Mr. Carrington's office if Victor Smith was going out in the Golden Rule; who followed the safe containing the treasure on board; who pretended to be in the employment of the Treasury Department, but whom the Treasury Department then knew nothing about; who was very thick with Walker, the hard case who stole on board the ship as she was leaving New York; who immediately became Captain Dennis's most intimate and beloved companion, and told him about the treasure being on board, and who was looked upon with aversion by Victor Smith, one of the agents in charge of the treasure—took passage on the Golden Rule, under an assumed name."

From the testimony of the surviving passengers of the Golden Rule and from facts brought to light by the detectives there is no doubt whatever that the vessel was run on to Roncador reef on purpose to cover up the robbery of the safe by the three individuals mentioned above. When the passengers were rescued from the reef by U. S. men-of-war a long time after the wreck, Victor Smith; one of the agents in charge of the safe refused to leave the spot until he ascertained for a certainty that the funds were lost.

This heroic man stayed alone on the reef two weeks before the wreckers came to help him hunt up the safe containing the treasure. On June 26th they found a bundle of 7.30 notes, amounting in all to $160,350. This bundle contained 27 packages of notes, made payable to as many different persons and firms in San Francisco. From a package numbered 1,057, payable to David Hays, and originally containing $40,000, three notes of of $500 each had been abstracted, and the whole bundle smelt strongly of bilge water. This showed that it had emerged from the safe and been manipulated before the ship went to pieces, and had been long enough in the hold to become saturated with bilge water. The safe was finally found, broken open, and empty. When it was broken open, or by whom, it was of course impossible to say.

The Maine papers say that the damage done by the grasshoppers in that State, this year, must be estimated by millions of dollars. In some extensive districts almost the entire grain crop is swept away.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon has sent his portrait, with his autograph, to every deputy who voted against the *decheance* in National Assembly at Bordeaux.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No," returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing careless past her, stopped instinctvely.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart-broken way," said Ralph, smoothing down her hair with a careless gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's half-a-crown for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stop to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth, "That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next week. I don't care, though; the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond."

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street, with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled on her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale, neat looking woman with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended on every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"Oh! mother, mother, see!" ejaculated the almost breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole half-crown. Only think mother, a whole half-crown."

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his half-crown gift diffused around it in the poor widows poverty-stricken home, he would have regarded still less the temporary privation of a cigar to which his generosity had subjected him.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if pleading eyes had never touched the soft part of his heart: but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the half-crown.

The crimson window-curtains were closely drawn, to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well-filled grate, and the dinner-table, in a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the brilliant gas-light in the hall fell full on the face of an humble looking man, in worn and thread-bare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man, and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant clerkship in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my work, Mary," said the noble-hearted husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address about me, somewhere."

An hour later, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed, in the spacious nursery up stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," replied her husband, folding her foldly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded. "Never forget one who was kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most." Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodgings beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought note from the rich banker, Mr. Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed, as he read the brief words. "We shall not starve; Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the letter, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the estray. It was a fifty pound note, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written: "In grateful remembrance of a half-crown piece that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over 20 years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters, and after many days it returned to him.

The doors of the beautiful depends upon the doors of the serviceable.

Well Done, Girl.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the Rev. Mr. Thompson performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle—both parties said Yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said Amen.

"I want you to perform the same thing for me," said a well-dressed, youngish gentleman to Mr. Thompson.

"When?"

"Now—right off to-night."

"Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

"No—the lady says now or never, and I am very anxious. Will you go?"

"Yes, where is it?"

"Close by—only a few steps west of the park. We are all ready, and will only detain you a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place which was a respectable boarding house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady, young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for a gentleman, and a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered, and then hands joined.

"You, with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do promise, here in the presence of God and these witnesses, you take this women, whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful wedded wife, and as such you will love and cherish her forever?"

"I do."

"And you, Miss, on your part, will you take this man to be your lawful husband?"

"No!"

We have heard in times past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy claps of thunder, but none that ever rattled above the tympanum of the bridegroom was quite so loud as that stunning little monosyllable.

"No, I never will!" said she most emphatically, and walked away to her seat, leaving her almost husband looking and probably feeling the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to charge that No for Yes, but for trifling with him in the solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation.

"I meant no disrespect to you, sir, or to trifle with your duty, or the ceremony you were called upon to perform, but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I come to the city a poor sewing girl. I worked for this man. He made professions of love to me, but from other circumstance I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went back to the country for a while. When I returned I found the door of my former boarding house closed against me, and this lady, whom I had esteemed as a kind friend, cold, quite indisposed to renew my acquaintance. And I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character, denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was—no matter what. I said to the lady, let me come back and I will prove my innocence. Will you believe what I say if he will marry me?"

"Yes, I certainly will, and so will all who know you."

"I renewed the acquaintance, he renewed his proposals. I accepted; and said 'Yes, the minister at once.' He slandered me—I decieved him. I proved my words true, and his false. It was the only way a poor, helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only at a right time, to say one word—one little word. I have said it, I hope it will be a lesson to men, an example to other girls, and that in many other and different circumstances they may learn to say 'No.'"

"If I was angry for a single moment," said Mr. Thompson, "I carried none of it over the threshold. It was a severe lesson, but well applied. I went home wondering on the power of the word—No."

FREE LOVE.—Of all the heresies that afflict this earth, the most abominable is that called Free Love. It has done more in the last twelve months to poison society than any other idea of error that has ever been disseminated.

As an instance of its working, take Laura Fair's testimony in the Crittenden trial. She was asked if she was Crittenden's wife and she replied that she was.

"When were you married to him?" asked the attorney. "God married me to him when we were both born; God made him for me and me for him!"

"Did your standing before Dr. Scott make you Mr. Synder's wife?" asked the attorney.

"Not in the sight of God; because I did not love him, nor he me. There is but one person born for another in this world. I felt so different towards Mr. Crittenden than I did towards any other human being. I would have willingly died for him. I was Crittenden's wife because my very life was bound up in his; he often said I was his only wife, and the only women he loved, and the last time I saw him, he told me I was the only wife that he had, and the only wife that he kissed." Such is Free Love.

Fish have great tenacity of life. It is believed that the crab has attained the age of one hundred and fifty years, and the pike a still greater age. A pike was caught in a lake in South Germany in 1497, on which was found a ring bearing this inscription: "I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the Governor of the Universe, Frederick II., the 5th of October, 1230." It weighed three hundred and fifty two pounds, and was 19 feet long.

It is related of the Count de Paris, the Orleanist candidate for the throne of France, that, while walking with his wife on the boulevards of Paris, a dozen hacks in succession were hailed for their use; but the drivers, imagining them to be country folk, who were wont to haggle, refused to stop, and they were forced to plod home on foot.